## LITERATURE.

ESSAYS IN HISTORY, CRITICISM AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. (From the Fourteenth Century to the Death of Surrey.)
By Bernhard Ten Brink. Edited by Dr. Alois Brandl. Translated from the German by L. Dora Schmitz. Vol. II, Part II. Octavo, pp. ix, 329. Henry Holt & Co.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Stopford Brooke, M. A. Octavo, pp. vi, 283. The Macmillan Com-

THE ENGLISH NOVEL. A Study in the Development of Personality. By Sidney Lanier. Revised Edition. Octavo, pp. xv, 302. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN ESSAY ON COMEDY AND THE USES OF THE COMIC SPIRIT. By George Meredith. Octavo, pp. 99. Charles Scribner's Sons. STUDIES IN INTERPRETATION. Keats-Clough-Matthew Arnold. By William Henry Hudson. Octavo, pp. 221. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THAT DOME IN AIR. Thoughts on Poetry and the Poets. By John Vance Chency. Octavo, pp. 236. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. A Study of the Conditions of the Production and Distribution of Literature from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Close of the Seventeenth Century. By George Haven Putnam. In Two Volumes. Octavo, pp. xxvii, 459; x, 538. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EXCURSIONS IN LIBRARIA. Being Retrospective Reviews and Bibliographical Notes. By G. H. Powell. Octavo, pp. xv. 271. Charles Scrib-

RARE BOOKS AND THEIR PRICES. With Chapters on Pictures. Pottery, Porcelain and Postage Stamps. By W. Roberts. Octavo, pp. xxix, 156. Longmans, Green & Co. BOOKS FATAL TO THEIR AUTHORS. By P. H. Ditchfield. Octavo, pp. xv, 24. A. C. Armstrong

The appearance in English of the posthumous volume of Ten Brink's "History of English Literature" is not, perhaps, to be considered an event of high importance, yet it is a work which will be welcomed everywhere by students of the subject. In this volume, too, the author displays at its best the quality which has made him from the start an acceptable writer on English literature, that quality of seeing the latter as a part lesson—the true comedy is essentially a critiof human progress, which is most often lacking of his race; he was minute to the point of being microscopic, and we will not say that his virtues so conquered the dry archaeologist in him as to make his chapters uniformly vivacious reading. But they are profitable reading always, and, as has been said, the present volume is well worthy of its predecessors in its frequent passages of lively description and interpretation. These will be found particularly in the pages dealing with the Lancastrian Sir John Fortescue's various polemical writings-a body of treatises and pamphlets which occupy an interesting, if not whom we are so often separated for whole hours an important position in English letters—and in at a time in his novels. He wrote it not merely

In the last-mentioned writer Ten Brink's interest seems to have been profound, and his book concludes on the observation that the Earl's premature end "was an immense loss to English poetry." The epitaph is a little far-fetched, because, as our author admits, Surrey died richer in promise than in performance. But what he did accomplish was of a peculiarly noble character, and as the dawn of the Elizabethans begins to break, his gallant figure appeals to the imagination with a presage of the great achievements to come. Ten Brink's imagination was caught by the soldier and poet; he lavishes all his love of detail upon him, and, considering that he had but few pages to assign to his hero, he has given a remarkably clear and animated portrait of him. He recognizes in him especially the lyric note, the note that links Surrey with ourselves. It is to be regretted that he was not permitted to carry his history to completion. Closely written as it is, with long stretches of painfully dry investigation, it is, nevertheless, so sympathetic whenever an opportunity arises for characterization and personal portraiture that it is almost as diverting as it is accurate and useful.

For the Rev. Stopford Brooke's primer, "English Literature." there cannot be quite such warm praise. The volume is systematic and concise to a degree that lends it some of the charac-English letters from the year 670 to practically the present day, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that he is a little lacking in color and atmosphere. The work has the merit of lucid arrangement, and its critical passages are marked by the good judgment which Dr. Brooke has shown in his more important book on early English literature. If he makes any slips at all, they are in the last chapter, which brings him upon the perilous ground of nineteenth century verse Here he ventures the doubtful assertion that Browning, equally with Tennyson, had as much power as he had desire to shape the thought and the loveliness he saw. That Browning's art was equal to his poetic inspiration is a troublesome question at the best. When he is named with such a craftsman as Tennyson the claim seems even more dangerous to make. On the other hand, Dr. Brooke's summing up of modern Eng lish poetry is generally acute, and it is certainly suggestive for so brief and compact a chapter.

on the English novel will revive an interest in the curious direction his critical method took, He was himself disposed to blame the critics who thought him too scientific. He tells us how read what the newspapers said of his "Science of English Verse," and how disappointed he was to find that in nine cases out of ten he had been misunderstood. His work was assumed to be "a collection of rules for making verses." He retorts that "not one of these writers would have treated a work on the science of geology as a collection of rules for making rocks." The answer is plausible, but at bottom the critics were hardly to be blamed. Lanier had a passion for theory It was unconscious in him, perhaps. And to him, also, th studies of poetic form to which he was wont to devote himself were no more misdirected than a composer's study of counterpoint. To the spectator of his intellectual processes he seems nevertheless, to be concentrating himself unduly upon his forms; to be, without any of the usual triviality of the mere artificer, lacking in pure inspiration and abounding in pure mechanism. He was prone to fasten upon an "idee fixe," and to apply it to literature to the bitter end. The present chapters, originally composed more than fifteen years ago and published soon after in not so carefully edited a form as in the volume under review, offer a good illustration of his strange persistence. He was impressed, as every penetrating reader is impressed, by the great part which the personality of mankind plays in the novel. But he characteristically went too far when he proceeded to talk about "the growth of human personality, together with the correlative development of the novel," and sought to prove that the discovery of man by himself, synchro nized with the perfecting of a form of literature, was, in fact, the source of that perfecting.

Had he been content to follow the development of personality in fiction with the idea of registering the fluctuations of novelistic imagination and taste, and of showing how much more one school or era cared for it than another, he would not have overstepped the bounds of sound criticism. He would have shown that the present century was more psychological than its predecessor, that Thackeray handled his theme more subtly than Fielding. But the tacit conclusion of this book is that personality has been in a rising scale through the centuries, that the novel has but reflected the development of human nature, t hereas some of the most romantic novels ever written, the novels of the Italian Renaissance, were produced at a time when personality was given the freest possible swing.

that this is, after all, a question of opinion; but and on until the end of the second volume is points on the back of a mechanical theory. This | merely mastered his material, but he has put it volume sets out to demonstrate scientifically an | together with uncommon method, and the result the book with a sense of fruitlessness, with a remodified by any of his delicately expressed judgments on one book or another. He is eloquent and persuasive on the merits of George Eljot, but he makes out no case for the novel as something identified with the development of personality. The two have had, as they always will have, points of contact; but one never has been and never can be an index to the other. The Odyssey and Iliad are superb novels, with episodes of tremendous poignancy, yet they date from a time which knew nothing of "personality" as Lanier saw it. He forgot, indeed, that what he called personality, as though it were something springing from specific ages and conditions, was really the life of the human soul in all ages, and that the motive force of the novel has been in existence as long as the motive force of the tracto drama, the lye poem or any other form of human expression.

We are reminded, by the reprint of George Meredith's "Essay on Comedy," an essay originally delivered as a lecture in 1877, to correct the last sentence. There are some forms of human expression which need a special era, a special phase of social development for their development, and comedy is one of them. This is because of the fact that while the novel is in essence a representation of life-whether of the material life that can be copied, or the ideal, romantic life that can be invented, and need not, as a matter of necessity, carry a moral cism, an elucidation, an interpretation. Thus in literary historians. Ten Brink had the traits | there is something especially felicitous in Meradith's full title for this early study of his. "On the Idea of Comedy and of the Uses of the Comic Spirit," he calls it, and one of the first things he has to say of the comic poet is that "a society of cultivated men and wemen is re quired, wherein ideas are current and the perceptions quick, that he may be supplied with matter and an audience." He pursues this idea through some of the most transparent and incisive pages he has ever written. In this thin book we have the Meredith from

the discussions of Caxton, Dunbar, More, Wyatt in a happy hour for his literary style, but with the keen delight in his subject which is one of the surest safeguards against obscurity. The whole range of comedy is traversed in his disccurse, from Menander and Aristophanes to the Restoration, and his criticism has not failed him in a single instarce. His own best work is in the spirit of comedy, and he turns to Congreve and Mollère as to his fellows. Our association of those two masters at the moment is provoked partially by one beautiful passage in which their wit is contrasted. That of Congreve, he says, "is a Toledo blade, sharp and wonderfully supple for steel; cast for duelling, restless in the scabbard, being so pretty when out of it. To shine, it must have an adversary. Molière's wit is like a running brook, with innumerable fresh lights on it at every turn of the wood through which its business is to find a way. It does not run in search of obstructions, to be noisy over them; but when dead leaves and viler substances are heaped along the course its natural song is heightened. Without effort, and with no dazzling flashes of achievement, it is full of healing, the wit of good breeding, the wit of wisdom." It is this wit which is the soul of the purest comedy, and it will be readily perceived that it demands something almost as unusual as that which it gives, a society sensitive to the finest intellectual appeal. "He must be subtle to penetrate," says Mr. Meredith of the comic peet, and "a corresponding acuteness must exthat he has compressed into less than three hundred pages a really comprehensive survey of conditions will explain how it is that we count We will not follow the classification offered in this essay of the various exemplars to be traced in the nations of civilization. It is enough to point out that the lover of Meredith will find here one of the keenest and wisest and wittiest productions of his author, a fugitive essay which yet possesses a major quality through its exquisite treatment of an exquisite theme.

> pose Mr. Hudson's volume, "Studies in Interpretation," is not evenly satisfying or instructive, but where it is good it is so very good that the layses may be forgiven. Thus the point of departure in the survey of Matthew Arnold's pectry seems to us mistaken and misleading. Mr. Hudson having become so interested in the philosophic drift of his poet that he forgets his first claim upon our attention, namely, his lyrical inspiration. But the essay on Keats is admirable from the first word to the last. Mr. Hudson points out most revealingly the detachment of Keats from the intellectual movement of his time, his absorption in the pursuit of beauty and his contentment with the pure 'poetry of earth." Very justly he remarks that Keats was really the most romantic of all the romanticists, though Byron, Shelley, Coleridge and Wordsworth might seem at a superficial glance to be more obviously of the romantic temper. With them romance was colored by observation of life as they saw it. The romance of Keats is romance touched by experiences which could only be perceived by the inner eye, by the rapt imagination. Shelley reached the same goal at times. Keats never aimed at any other. Mr. Hudson cites aptly a fragment from the poet's correspondence, in which he refers to "negative capability-that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason." Further on he says that, "with a great poet the sense of beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all consideration." In these lines Keats gives us, as Mr. Hudson observes, "the final secret of his relations with life," and as a study of that secret the present essay should stand high. It reveals the clearest insight, and so suggestive are the pages that it is a matter of regret to find the papers on Clough and Arnold less plausible and edifying.

The criticism in the three papers which com-

Mr. Chency leaves a similarly unsymmetrical impression. He is merely capricious and dog-matic when he says that, "compared with the rare gifts of Emerson, art, all but the very greatest, is common and cheap." He could say all that he wants to say in laudation of his here without making him "the peer of the great poets." Emersor is nothing of the sort, and it only confuses the point at issue to present the fancy so decisively. But, then, Mr. Chency, like Mr. Hudson, atones for his sins in one essay by writing with the utmost discretion in another. He is refreshingly same on the subject of Walt Whitman, recognizing that it is one thing to "gailivant" with him and another to accept him as a writer of poetic genius. The little study of Blake is good also, showing a happy perception of the strange Englishman's lyric gift and a wholesome distrust of the "Prophetic Books." The chapters in this book are brief little disquisitions on various poets, Lowell figuring in one, Wordsworth in another, Whittier and Longfellow in others. There is nothing new in the criticism, and some of it, as we have hinted, is crude or ill-advised; but

he leaves the reader unconvinced, leaves him written on "Books and Their Makers During the believing that from first to last the novel has Middle Ages" are taken up with some trepidation, been the fruit of man's desire to lose himself in as being likely to have the trying qualities of drama, in romance, in illusion. It may be said most works of reference. Then they are read on where Lanier forfeits the usual privileges of an reached. They are books of reference, it is true, opponent in argun ent is in carrying all his but Mr. Putnam has a smooth style; he has not evolution that has none of the moorings of is a thoroughly compact history of the subject, science. The result is obscurity, and we close one that can be grasped without any burdensome sense of a multiplicity of details. The evojection of Lanier's main contention that is not lution of the book as we know it to-day is easily traced in these pages, though the record stops with the end of the seventeenth century. Mr. Putnam carries his narrative from the monkish scribes to the followers of Gutenberg, from Cassiodorus and St. Benedict to Plantin and the Elzevirs. It is a chronicle fairly romantic in its picturesqueness, fairly exciting in the process which it paints of literature slowly working its way through the more or less conventional parchments and illuminations of the monasteries to the infinite variety of the printing press.

What will most impress the reader of these volumes is the disinterested love of literature which seems to have imbued the scribes and printers for centuries. It is, of course, true that the monks, as well as their secular successors, were shrewd men of business, that they sold their handiwork for high prices, that they protected themselves with jealous care against the pirating, as it were, of manuscripts which they considered their special property. Mr. Putnam remarks that the monasteries guarded their manuscript treasures with such care as to assign one monk to hold the original in his hands while the monk who had come from a distance to copy it was performing his task. But that a monk should make a long journey to copy this original, that he would "go to Rome or to Florence from Fulda, from St. Gall, from Fleury, or even from far-off Glastonbury . . . to prepare a transcript of some valued codex," was surely the fruit of a more than mercenary enthusiasm. Cassiodorus, who may be said to have founded the monastic "scriptorium," was certainly moved by a lofty ideal, and there is a very gracious atmespheré hanging about Mr. Putnam's record, an atmosphere of the leisurely advance of learning, of the slow but sure efflorescence of a noble idea. He pays a loyal tribute to the Renaissance ndicating the important part played by the Italian humanists in the fostering of the making of books. Thousands of precious volumes written and printed, would not have seen the light in the west for many, many years, perhaps for centuries, had not the Florentine passion for classical learning launched the translators and bookmakers upon a steady stream of activity. Mr. Putnam tells his story well, with a compactness that must have involved the severest labor where such mountains of data were at hand, and whether for purposes of reference or for quiet reading in the library these volumes are destined to a permanent position.

Mr. Powell's "Excursions in Libraria" is a book f shreds and patches-all of them delightful. It is usually disappointing to read Froissart in an abstract, but the most careful translation could hardly surpass "A Gascon Tragedy," Mr. Powell's second chapter, in the preservation of the old French chronicler's romantic glamour. The essay is a cunning arrangement of fragments of Froissart's text with longer passages of Mr. Powell's own writing. The moraic is tactfully laid out, and it gains from wearing the air of having been made in a library. All of these esays are thoroughly bookish. They are booksh in the good sense, not artificially, but as hough the writer had a sincere, spontaneous ove for the old volumes over which he lingers, from which he gets some of his most fascinating material The themes are well chosen, ranging from "The Philosophy of Rarity" to 'Rabelals of Rome" and "The Wit of History." There are many anecdotes, and on every count Mr. Powell is to be designated a companionable and even charming writer.

Mr. Roberts hardly deserves either epithet, in his "Rare Books and Their Prices," inasmuch as he deals with his subject in a rather prosaic way. But he has gleaned some curious records of sales, ermal and otherwise, he has some flashes of bibliographical wisdom, as when he denounced he "large-paper" fad, and he prints several trifles of anecdote which it is amusing to possess. One of them is this rhyme of Thackeray's inscribed in a copy of "The Virginians" which

In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions All people have a right to their epinions. And many people don't much relish "The Virmy book, dear R., and if you find it

A little to your taste, I hope you'll bind it. Mr. Ditchfield's subject has been wasted or him. "Books Fatal to Their Authors"-there is inspiration in the very title! but he has done no more than compile in a somewhat amateurish manner the baldest facts concerning the burning of Giordano Bruno, the imprisonment of Voltaire or the martyrdom of Huss. As a work of reference, however, this seems to be exact, and it is in its very simplicity a handy little compen-

## SAMUEL PEPYS'S WILL,

SOME CITATIONS FROM A LITTLE-KNOWN DOC

UMENT. G. A. Althen in The Athenaeum.

It is curious that, so far as I know, Pepys's will has never been printed, though some of its principal provisions have be a mentioned, and directions respecting the library have been printed from the Harlain MSS. The will is of great length, but perhaps Mr. Wheatley will be able to include it in his supplementary volume of the "Dirry." Here I propose to give an abstract of the document, with some interesting quotations.

The will (Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 97 Degg) is dated August 2, 1791, when Pepys is described as in his saxiy-minth year, and of sound mind and memory. "I do with all humility and thankfulness and with a satisfaction inexpressible." says Pepys, resign the soul to its Creator, "in sure thankfulness and with a satisfaction inexpressible, says Pepys, resign the soul to its Creator. In surreliance . for a happy resurrection with the just to an everlasting state of rest and olds in the world to come." As to such worldiy goods as he possessed after twenty-four years, public and palaful service faithfully performed to the Crown, he devised all lands, etc., in Brampton, Hunts, and all other real property, to his nephew, Somuel Jackson, of Brampton, eldest son of his late stater Paulina Jackson, for life, and then to his sons successively. In default of such issue the property was to go to his nephew, John Jackson, of Westminster, youngest son of Paulina, and to his sons successively, also in default of such sons to his cousin, charles Pepys, second son of his late uncle, Thomas Pepys, An annuity of file to his old servant, Jame Penny, was to be paid during her life, and the legacy was left to

id during her life, and 6500 legacy was left to

nuity of fla to his old servant, Jone Penny, was to be paid during her life, and foe legacy was left to the executor.

There was due to Pepys from the Crown £28.00. 28 14d on a balance of two accounts, first, as Clerk of the Acts of the Navy and Secretary of the Admirality, and second, as Treaturer for Tangler to Charles II and James II. This money, when paid, was to be laid out in land for the benefit of his heirs. The residue of his estate was also to be invested in land and held in trust for his heirs. Pepys urged his nephews "to join with me in not repining at any disappointment they may by the laite public providences of Almighty God meet with in what they might otherwise have reasonably hoped for from me at my death, but to receive with thankfulness from God's hands whatever it shall prove, remembering it to be more than what either myself or they were born to, and therefore endoavoring on their part by all humble and non-cet industry to improve the same."

The sole executor was "my most approved and most dear friend William Hewer." of Chapham. Popys speaks of Hewer's "more than filial affection and tenderness expressed toward me through all the occurrences of my life for forty years past.

On May 11, 1703, Pepys made a cooled to his will, owing to his nephew Samuel fackson having disposed of himself in marriage "against my positive advice and injunction, and to his own irreparable prejudice and dishonor." This nephew was now to have only an annuity of 40 a year. At the same time Perys left 120 a year to "the most excellant lady" Mrs. Mary Skymer, in memory of "her steady friendship and assistances during the whole course of my life for initry-three years. The use of his library for life was lastistances during the whole course of my life," for initry-three years. The use of his library for life was left to John Jackson, who was to see to its completion according to a scheme in his hands, the library was to be kept entire, and bestowed for the benefit of posterity. The arwas to see to its completion according to a scheme in his hands; the library was to be kept entire, and bestowed for the benefit of posterity. The arrangements for its disposal have been already pub.

the following day (May 13, 1793) Pepys exe-

MEMORIES OF THE TURK.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL AND OTHER EVENTS.

N AMERICAN TRANSPORT IN THE CRI-MEAN WAR. By John Codman. Octavo, pp. 198, Bonnell, Silver & Co.

The author of this book has some decided views as to the political difficulties, past and present, in the East, but he refuses to take himself or his views too seriously, and in consequence he has written a captivating record of his experiences. They were begun in an unexpected and some what picturesque manner. Forty years ago the commercial marine of the United States was in a flourishing condition, but there were few steamers save on the North Atlantic, and those travellers desirous of reaching the Mediterranean coast were compelled to get there via Liverpool and the Continent. At this juncture a firm of New-York ship-owners decided to fit out a steamer of 613 tons, the William Penn, and send her over direct to Marseilles with a cargo of freight and with twenty or thirty passengers. The time was not ripe for the venture. Neither freight nor passengers could be secured in the home port, and out of sheer pluck and pride the owners sent the William Penn across the southern route, with instructions to Captain Codman to get what freight he could for the return passage. Promptly on the date advertised she sailed in ballast. In Marseilles the cholera was decimating a population that had already been drawn into the whirlpool of the Crimean war. Captain Codman could obtain no business for New-York and idled in the blazing sun until he secured a contract with the French Government for the transportation of troops, stores and ammunition to the Crimea. Here his narrative really begins. The William Penn was the first transport flying

a foreign flag which was chartered by the French

Government. She was a newcomer in the Dar-

danelles, and went aground on Nagara Point, the very spot, as Captain Codman notes, where Leander swam to his Hero. The Pacha of the Dardanelles came off to the ship, tendering his assistance, and, with the introduction of this individual, Captain Codman strikes the note of humorous description which again and again makes his book amusing. Being under the impression that the Orientals were forbidden by the Prophet to partake of wine, that luxury was excluded from the cabin table. "Think then of of to-day. my astonishment," writes Captain Codman, "at a gentle hint from the Pacha as to champagne. It was, of course, immediately produced. my remarking that it had not been offered before on account of regard to what I supposed to be his religious scruples, he replied with an air of perfect sincerity: 'Wine is forbidden by the Prophet; not champagne. Champagne did not exist in his day; how, then, could he have forbidden it? Marshallah! God is great.' continued Suleyman, smoothing his beard and soothing his conscience. 'Pass the bottle.'" The ship was reloaded and Captain Codman went on to Constantinople and to a long succession of voyages on the Bosporus and the Black Sea, first in the service of the French Government and then in that of the Turks. It is interesting to observe that he found the former upright but terribly severe paymasters, the latter a little more generous and a great deal more amiable. When he transferred the William Penn from the French to the Turkish service, he drew up a charter party and presented it to the Minister of War for his signature. The Oriental glanced sleepily at the document and inquired its purport. This was explained to him. He waved it aside. There was no occasion for any documents, he said; all that Captain Codman had to do was to call at the end of each month for his money, "Thereupon I told him that for my own part I needed no paper, as I was fully satisfied with his word, but that the other owners of the ship at home would object to my doing business in that way. 'Ah, well,' he replied, 'if you must have a paper, make it short as possible. Sit down and write this: "The Ottoman Government charters the William Penn at £2,000 a month, furnishing the coal and paying for passengers' food the same as heretofore. The contract was executed accordingly, and Captain Codman never had any trouble with his employers.

He remembers this fact warmly, and one of the salient points of his narrative is the sympathy for the Turkish character which it reflects. The author does not pretend to say that the Mussulmans have behaved themselves better than the Christians in the recent Armenian disturbances, but he is unequivocal in his assertion that forty years ago the Turks, as he knew them, were a prepossessing and companionable people. He goes so far as to say that the dissensions in Asiatic Turkey must be attributed to "other causes than that of religious persecution," thus materially altering the aspect of the case as it is generally viewed. On the other hand, whether he will or no, he reveals a lamentable state of affairs among the Turkish troops. There was no better commissariat than with the troops of the Allies; in fact, it was, if possible, worse; and there is son thing teagle in the picture which Captain Codman calmly draws of the manner in which he was compelled to crowd his vessel on one memorable run from Constantinople to Eupatoria. The latter stronghold was within two days' sail of the base of supplies, but it was shamefully reglected; the soldiers died off in squads from typhoid fever, and when a Russian attack was rumored there were belated and panic-stricken efforts in Constantinople to reinforce the garrison. One thousand men and 500 sheep were actually put on board a vessel of 613 tons. Before this was accomplished the chief officer, a delightful Yankee soul, made a rough calculation. "Allowin' two square foot for a man," said he, "and providin' the sodjers will stand up all the way, and calling every sheep a sodjer, providin' he will stand on his hind legs, we can just about accommodate 'em. Sheep won't do that, though. The sodjers will take up all the room in the between decks and on deck, and the sheep will have to go on top o' one another in the hold." The William Penn steamed off, looking like a Coney Island excursion boat on a Saturday afternoon. The congested mass of soldiers fell sea-sick with a unanimity that turned the vescel into a horrible hospital, and in the midst of the chaos a wreck was sighted and a party of men and women were rescued. Captain Codman turned the Turkish officers out of their cabin to make a place for the women. Sinister growlings were the result, and only the lucky arrival of a British man-of-war in the offing, permitting a transfer of the waifs, prevented a mutiny. Eventually the cargo of ill, dying and mutinous soldiers was discharged at Eupatoria, only to find that it was not needed, the report of a Russian advance having been unfounded. The incident marked once more the general incompetence of the Turkish adminis- passages are frequent, but they are deftly intro tration. Captain Codman may have found his duced and never spoil the movement of the tale employers good natured and prompt in payment, but in the management of their military affairs age and strength of their allies. The French and English were jealous of one another, but they were at one in their derision of the Turks. "All three of them," adds Captain Codman, "had a greater respect for the Russians than for each other."

lies were grievously behindhand in their commissariat, and that in the long siege of Sebastopol the officers made their men endure sufferports they sent home. Captain Codman portrays vividly the horrors of that protracted struggle. more terribly. Lord Raglan telegraphed again and again to "The Times." "the sanitary condi-Lanier would have it that the novel has answered a need in man to know more of himself and his fellow-men. Much may be said for the hypothesis, and Lanier says it suggestively; but the collection is a pleasant one, with an unmission of what was owing to him. Mrs. Skynner was to have Loop. Hence, 12,000, and the children of Charles Pepys, now deceased, it is not the residue of the army is excellent." Admiral Boxer bave Loop. Hence are also directions as to the residue of the navy, but all the time choicers was sweeping hypothesis, and Lanier says it suggestively; but

were themselves fatally stricken. It is pleasant to read in the midst of the sombre recital of pestilence and death the anecdote which Captain Codman digresses to tell, apropos of the Turkish error in sending superfluous troops to Eupatoria. The English made as ludicrous a blunder in November, 1855, when General Vivian was stationed with the British forces at Kertch and General Shirley was in command of a Turkish contingent at Buyukdere. The latter, in sending an official communication to Vivian, mentioned his family, and hinted that they found Buyukdere rather monotonous. Immediately came the reply: "Bring everybody up here; they will be most welcome." Let Captain Codman proceed with the story. "Shirley had forgotten," he says, "that he had mentioned his family in his dispatch, and jumped to the conclusion that the Russians were threatening Kertch with an attack, and that reinforcements were urgently needed, whereas the sole intention of General Vivian was to give him, his wife and the young ladies an outing. So he embarked his 3,000 cavalry on board a fleet of sailing vessels that were taken in tow by steamers, and away they all went across the Black ers, and away they all went across saw this see to Kertch. When General Vivian saw this attention to him, of which he is proud indeed. Mr. Thackeray took The Boy between his knees and fleet coming up the Straits he had no idea whence it had sailed or whether it was friend or foe. His anxiety, however, was soon relieved by Shirley jumping ashore and halling him with, 'How are you, old boy? You see me here." The consternation of both officers, when an explanation followed, may be imagined. General Shirley weighed anchor without loss of time, and back his troops went to Buyukdere, doubtless murmuring the Turkish equivalent of the old distich about the King of France, who marched 20,000 men up the hill and then marched them down again. Captain Codman's little book is full of similarly capital stories. He has not written a history or even a historical sketch, but in these discursive, personal notes there is very tangible vitality, and the reader is clearly conscious of the air of adventure in which the author moved for close on to two stirring years. Especially is there a flavor of an era long since disappeared, the era of canvas and wooden hulls. Captain Codman commanded a steamer, but the fleets with whose operations he was most concerned in the Crimea were all of sailing vessels. He implies more than describes a striking contrast between the warfare of four decades ago and the warfare

## RECENT ROMANCES.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE "ZENDA" FORMULA.

PHROSO. A Romance. By Anthony Hope, Illus-trated by Henry B. Wechsler, Octavo, pp. 306. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST. Being the Narrative of the Acadian Ranger, Jean de Mer, Seigneur de Briart, and How He Crossed the Black Abbé, and of His Adventures in a Strange Fellowship. By Charles G. D. Roberts, Illustrated. Octavo, pp. 311. Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

In the conflict between realism and romanticism one of the chief arguments advanced by adherents of the latter is that it permi's the imagination to do what it likes, that it gives the creative faculty free swing. The point is accurate enough, and cer tainly a main element in the best romance is that of freedom from all the restraints of prosaic convention. Dumas has a great air of reality, but his world is, after all, a place of superb inventions. The immortal Three go through adventures so varied as to tax the reader's credulity to a severe degree. We feel that if we are to believe all that Dumas tells us we must grant him in the first place a license to be as improbable as he chooses. The romancers have run up and down the gamut of this license, but no matter in what measure they are audacious and arbitrary, they have commonly preserved the same atmosphere of delightful freedom. In recent days the spirit of their work has changed, and Mr. Anthony Hope, who has provoked this reflection before, provokes it still more in his latest story.

Our latter-day romancers work too much from formulae. So, it may be asserted, did Dumas, but the charge would be difficult to prove. He wrote improvisations. His tales are homogen verisimilitude to be maintained, but, on the whole, they are the most whimsically constructed things in the world. If he had a formula at all it of the vaguest description. Anthony Hope's is as clean cut as though it were a rec mixing of chemicals. Take one hero, he says, one heroine, and a heavy villain; add a few faithful retainers on either side; throw the whole party into a picturesque and unknown region; give them a some to quarrel over in the shape of a throne, or, as in the case of "Phroso," an island; and then keep them all moving on a checkerboard of surprises until a volume of so many pages has been made out of a record of their doings. Fling over such a formula as this the radiance of a new style, new enthusiasm, and you get a "Prisoner of Zenda." Work it out with the perfunctory air of a cook who has grown to take his service as a matter of fact, and you get a "Phroso." To begin a reading of Anthony Hope's romances with "The Prisoner of Zenda" is to come upon the cook on a high feast day. To take up the succeeding Zenda stories, and now this tale of the Island of Neopalla, is to sit down to the ordinary repast of every day in the week. It must be admitted that the author shows abundant resource, that the perilous adventures of his Englishmen are devised with much originality. The central idea is indubitably eccentric and effective. But a strain of artificiality runs through the whole volume. The old Zenda attractiveness is gone. It is plainer now than ever nefore that while Anthony Hope has had moments of imaginative rapture, moments of delightful ro-

mance, the essential note of his work is one of mechanical contrivance. The explanation of the fall of his art lies in its detachment from nature. The greatest romancers keep close to that; no matter how daringly inventive they may be the breath of the open forest is in their pages, the veritable winds of the sea, the gleaming of the sun and stars. Anthony Hope is nine-tenths fantasy and one-tenth nature; the proportion is all wrong, and one misses in his tales the vigor of thoroughly human character, of landscape that is genuine. When nature has crept into a romance it will counteract even a formula and take the place of an inexhaustible inventiveness. The new book which Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has just brought out confirms the point. He has no such sustained power in the devising of thrilling situations as Anthony Hope possesses. His melodrama is brilliant only in places. But into this in teresting pastiche of old Acadian history and romantle imaginings he has put the vitality which "Phroso" lacks. He has a naïveté which argues inexperience in the writing of fiction like this, yet the story takes hold of the reader with the force of a much more mature production. If Mr. Roberts had depended upon his plot alone, thinking only of its dramatic possibilities, he would have produced a thin and unattractive work. But following th instinct of the old masters he has sought to make his men real characters and to wrap them all in the glamor of the Acadian Peninsula. The love of nature which distinguishes him as a poet is obvious in this prose performance. The descriptive That proceeds with great rapidity, indeed, and with a bouyancy that speaks of the very woods and waters amid which the action is laid. The style is simple, and the plot, though containing some strong surprises, is smoothly unfolded. This novel is the first in a series which Mr. Roberts proposes to write, keeping more or less within the limits of the history of old Acadle. He has begun well and his series when completed promises to be a valuable contribution to the fiction of the day, as well as it may be admitted at this point that the Al- to the literature of a fascinating province. novelist has still to gain in authority, but the root of the matter is in him.

> The Houghtons have completed the printing of the tenth and final volume in the late Professor Child's great work on "English and Scottish Por ular Ballads." Professor Kittredge, his pupil and assistant, has seen the book through the press and has written for it a short biography of the author The termination of th's noble work will be hailed everywhere with acclamation. No finer task of scholarship has been carried through on either side of the Atlantic for many years. It is gratifying to observe that this fact is constantly receiving the most cordial recognition among students and schol

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is soon to bring out a new volume of poems. It will be called "For the Country," and will be especially patriotic in its contents, embracing poems on Washington, Lincoln, Sheridan, Sherman and other heroic themes.

The spring publishing season abroad does not promise much of importance. Beyond Nansen's book, which overshadows everything else, the only work of first-class signficance that is announced in the new blography of Professor Jowett. In fiction, as in other directions, the prospect is not at all exhilarating.

Mr. Laurence Hutton has been writing some chapters that look autobiographical for "St. Nicholas." They are printed under the title of "A Boy I Knew." The lad is described as having been staying with his father in the Pulaski House, at Savannah, in 1853 or 1855, when Thickeray was there. The Boy's father told him to particularly observe "the old gentleman with the spectacles who occupied a seat at their table in the public dining-room; for, he said, the time would come when The Boy would be very proud to say that he had breakfasted, dined and supped with Mr. Thackeray." The youngster was duly attentive, and "one morning Mr. Thackeray paid a little asked his name and what he intended to be when he grew up. He replied, 'A farmer, sir.' Who, in cannot imagine, for he never had the slightes' clination toward a farmer's life. And then i-Thackeray put his gentle hand upon The Boy's little red head and said: 'Whatever you are, try to be a good one."

Now that the Belgian symbolistes and the "great" Scandinavian, Ibsen to wit, have been exploited by the decadent theatres of Paris and London, there is talk of a Spanish revival. A play of Echegaray's is in rehearsal in the English metropolis, and it is not unlikely that other Spaniards will be translated before long and adapted to our stage. There will be more reason in the



Spanish Renaissance than in the Norwegian or the Belgian. Echegeray is one of the most interesting dramatists of Europe, morbid to a certain extent, but far more edifying than Ibsen, for example; and Perez Goldos also is of a healthier tone. His novels have been known in America for some time, ever since, in fact, Mr. Howells first enthusiastically introduced them to the public six or seven years ago. He is a realist, but one of considerable imagination. He was born in 1840 and has long occupied a position of eminence in Spain,

The Harpers have a new volume of stories by Octave Thanet in press. It is called "The Missionary Sheriff: Being Incidents in the Life of a Plain Man Who Tried to Do His Duty." The life depicted in the book is Western life, of the sort with which Miss Ffrench has done her best work.

In "The Chautauquan" there is a translation from some amusing jottings by Edmondo de Amicis set down after visits to Jules Verne and Victorien Sardou. The portrait of the former is peculiarly engaging. The famous octogenarian lives at Amiens, and De Amicis describes him as "somewhat of Verdi's build, with a serious, kindly face, no artistlike vivacity in look or word, very simple manners, the imprint of great sincerity in every fleeting manifestation of feeling and thought, the language, the bearing, the manner of dress of a man who considers appearances of absolutely no account." Jules Verne writes two novels a year regularly, and he appears to have planned that his life work shall cover all the countries of the earth. He has been going through them systematically, "Contrary to what I had thought," writes his interviewer, "he does not first imagine the characters and facts of the novel he is to write, and then begin to make investigations into one or more countries for his scene of action. On the contrary, he reads up the history and geography of the countries first, just as if he intended to do nothing else than describe them fully and minutely. His characters, the leading facts and episodes of his story, rise up in his mind during this reading Verne himself explains the popularity of his books as springing from the fact that "I have always proposed, even to the sacrifice of art, not to ever suffer a page or a line to escape from my pen which the boys, for whom I write and whom I love, cannot read." A striking phase of the novelist's character was revealed when he went for a walk with Signor de Amicis. Then he ceased to be the author and became "nothing but a common councillor of the city of Amiens." He asked innumer able questions as to the municipal customs of Italian cities and proved himself to be possessed of a store of learning concerning the same customs in his native land.

We gladly chronicle the fact that the London "Studio" is presently to be issued in a special edition here under the auspices of Mr. John Lane. This is by all odds the best miscellaneous periodical on artistic subjects published in English. The whole field of decorative and architectural as well as pictorial and plastic art is covered; the latest movement, whether in the binding of books or the designing of posters, is invariably treated with admirable illustrations in its pages; and for practical purposes it is really invaluable.

level. Mr. Max Beerbohm dropped into Mma Tussaud's the other day and straightway proceeded to write a little essay on the place. And he patronizes it! Never for a moment coes he perceive that there, among the waxen effigies, he had found his very metier, the very environment for his "decadence," "Why should Gartbaldi and those others all stare at me so gravely?" he asks. Why, forsooth! "It flashed upon me that, as I watched them, they were stealing my life from me, making me one of their own kind. My brain seemed to be shrinking (sic), all the blood ceasing in my body. I would not watch them. I drooped my eyelids. My hands looked smooth, without nerves. I knew now that I should never speak nor hear again, never move. I took a dull pride, even, in the thought that this was the very frockcoat in which I had been assassinated." Poor Mr. Max Beerbohm! He never once realized that those effigies could have a wondrous fellowfeeling as they gazed back upon him.

Professor Sully, who has devoted himself for some years to a study of the psychological side of child life, has risen up to explain that the "authorities" on the subject in recent stories and essays are, on the whole, incompetent observers. He does not like Mrs. Meynell's discourse, her "sonorous solemnity" fails to persuade him, and he is equally impervious to the allurements of Mr. Kenneth Grahame and Mr. Barrie. He says of the latter's "Sentimental Tommy" that it ought to be read as a pretty farce, and he goes on to express the hope that "one day Mr. Barrie may think it worth his while to con a child with something of the minute and patient study which he has devoted to its elders. It were surely better to create a living child than to produce what is, after all, rather too like a Scotch variant of the immortal Tom Sawyer. One is encouraged in this hope by observing here and there in the story a skilful touching upon the eternally childlike." It is cheering to note that Professor Sully ignores Mr. Morrisch's "Child of the Jago" entirely. That precious work is an atro-cious libel upon childlife, but it is being bolstered up at a great rate just now by English devotees of the brutally "virile" conception of life which the author happens to hold. Professor Sully concludes his suggestive paper with this remark: "What is wanted is a franker recognition of the truth that a child is a subject worthy in itself of the finest artistic pertrayal, and that in the hands of a master it may be made admirable without being elongated into a prodigy, and highly entertal without being broadened out into a huge joke